

## **Tragico Historia** by [helon.dobbins](#)

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**Summary:** AU: The reason Martin Brenner even got involved with Hawkins Lab was to save his eleven-year-old daughter, Maggie. In the years since her death Brenner has become a cog in the machine until Eleven, and Maggie's memory through her, give 'Papa' the courage to face his own demons and seek redemption and the happiness taken from him.

## Tragico Historia

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Chapter 1 - br /February 19 1984/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Eleven/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"I was a year older today, Papa said. I did not know what that meant but it seemed a happy occasion that involved Eggos and ice cream. "You are 13 today, Eleven," he said sitting beside me after placing the treat with a candle in the middle of it. "On this candle you blow it out and make a wish."/p

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'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"I always had a theory that despite all he had done to me, Papa loved me. He had saved me from the Bad Place. So maybe that was love. Since then, he was sweet. He said often./p

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p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"I wished for happiness like this forever. And I wouldn't tell for fear it might not come true. "I love you, Eleven."/p

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Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Martin Brenner/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"After Eleven ate her Eggo treat I had found how to make in the paper I gave her the present I had bought for her to celebrate this milestone in her life that Maggie never got to experience. I suppose that it was because of this loss and knowing the true evil of the MKUltra program first hand that I was here after coming out of some alternative dimension wherein a bereaved man would be turned into very much the monsters that had taken everything from him when they'd taken her. It might be exactly that or it could be deeper: that I had realized that in my infiltration I was the only monster there was because of my willingness to submit if that meant finding out the truth. Submission becomes complacency and complacency roots evil. The version of me that Maggie had known in her childhood was not the man Eleven knew as 'Papa' and for that Maggie's specter hated the man I was trying to destroy since the escape./p

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Obedient, she did. The silver paper tore away to reveal photographs in frames: one of Terry Ives, one of her in a dress she had selected not long after escaping the lab with me after I had burned the place in an act of freeing arson. In the picture, Eleven's hair had grown quickly to be at her chin and the yellow dress she had wanted making her look like a young girl, manifesting my shame almost like Maggie was standing there looking at me and staring at me in disappointment. It should've been her and now she has to make sure the Bad Man, the warped because of loss Martin Brenner, not return to hurt my second chance./p

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p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;""Yes."/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;""Where?" Eleven's light in her brown eyes almost made me want to look away. There was nothing I could tell her about Terry Ives' fate that wouldn't stir her curiosity and manifest Maggie as my ghost of shame as I tried to escape my past as hard as the girl before me, the one who trusted me in spite of all I'd done to wrong her./p

""We will see her one day," If I had at any chance at redemption with Eleven I must not dance around Terry Ives or I lose. I lose, and my redemption is meaningless. I lose, and it's just like nothing ever happened. I lose, and the idea of redemption itself shatters. Eleven looked at the picture longer and then picked up the one of herself that on the frame had her true name written./p

""Papa? Jane?" she pointed to the letters, "Who?" /p

""You," I told her. She shook her head and showed me the number on her arm, the idea I was no better than the Germans rising in my throat as I could almost hear Maggie, innocent as Eleven but having use of words she didn't. You did this to her. They did it to me. I thought you were coming to save me, Papa! But you didn't! You let them hurt her! "You are Jane, Eleven. Jane Mildred Ives."/p

""Jane. Pretty. I am Jane, Papa."/p